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ANIMALS



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The MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY for the PREVENTION of CRUELTY to ANIMALS

C. P. and the

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

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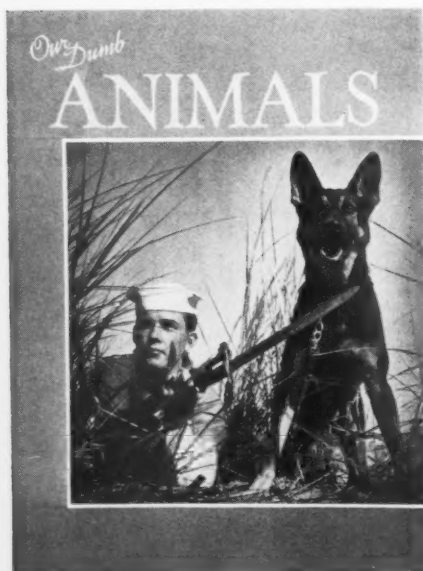
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FAITHFUL GUARDIANS . . .

of America's shores are this Coast Guardsman and his canine companion. Dogs are of immeasurable value in this important work of guarding our coastline against enemy spies and saboteurs. See pages 190-191.

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AND
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From the

PRESIDENT'S DESK



FROM time to time someone suggests that an office be created by the state and the federal government to supervise and direct all animal activities including the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. If such an unfortunate day should ever arrive, it would herald the end of private charitable enterprise which has been so successful in this country during the past seventy-five years. Humane work *must* continue, but not under state or federal supervision.



THERE are many devoted, self-sacrificing people in this land of ours—mostly women, giving time and even money out of their meager income for the protection of animals from cruel treatment, and to the rescuing of such as are injured, homeless, suffering. These are the real heroes in this wide field of humane work. Back of them are no strong humane organizations to pay them for their service, little help given them by any interested public opinion, and generally no police activity to enforce such laws as may be on the statute books.

To these we send our high regard, our deep appreciation of their faithful and patient toil. Sometime, somehow, their reward will come—a reward greater than that deserved by some of us whose reward here has far exceeded theirs.



NO LOVER of animals should patronize the Black Market. The animals, we are confident, are slaughtered in merciless ways—no inspectors present, the whole business carried on in disregard of humane laws and all laws designed to protect the public health.

Recently two horses here in Massachusetts were stolen. A day or two later, all that was left of them, bones and hides, was found in a forest. The meat from them someone bought, knowing nothing of its character. Even to eat the products of the Black Market is to endanger seriously one's health and the health of one's family.

Our War Dogs

THE FOLLOWING statements, taken from an article appearing in *The Animal World*, England's Royal S. P. C. A.'s publication, relative to the war dogs of Britain, may be regarded as true in practically every respect concerning dogs in this country given up for service with our armed forces.

Those who, from patriotic motives, have parted with their animals may rest assured that they are receiving good treatment.

Patience and kindness are the principal factors in their training. Punishment is a deterrent and not a help to learning.

The dogs are made to use their intelligence and understanding. Where this is so, they will leave the service more self-controlled and far more controllable than when they entered.

Patrol dogs accompany scouting parties. They sniff out concealed enemy personnel and give silent warning and direction to the party. Liaison dogs are trained solely to carry messages between points where it is important to have a fast inconspicuous messenger.

The breeds and types of dogs which react favourably to army training include all the kinds that are suitable for the three branches of the War Dog Service. Alsations are favoured for vulnerable point duty. Alsations and Labradors rank high for patrol work. Collies and the smaller breeds of sheep-dog have an advantage in liaison because they are fast, nimble, quick-witted and hard to detect. Mongrels of medium height have shown up well in this department.

The head trainer for the army is a man who for many years has been recognized as the foremost in his work. With him is a staff of selected army personnel. They are men who are well aware that only by gentle patience can a dog be trained for war.



LEST we might think that the cavalry had ceased to play any important part in modern war, we have recently seen it reported that 4,000,000 horses are more or less directly concerned in the Russian war effort. What the mule and donkey are doing in addition is probably quite as important.

Appalling Statistics

MANY of the humane societies of this and other countries have to do with children as well as animals. Indeed, the first Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was founded by Henry Bergh, founder of the first Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the United States.

It is little less than startling to learn from unquestionable authority, received from Washington, of the alarming increase in crime and delinquency among certain boys and girls. During 1942, the arrests of minor girls for moral offenses increased 64.8% over 1941, and the arrests of girls under twenty-one for all kinds of moral offenses increased 104.7%. The arrests of minor girls during 1942, for all offenses, increased 55.7% over the previous year, while arrests of boys decreased 3.6%.

War means something more, we plainly see, than wounds and death on the field of battle—something more than sad and anxious hearts wondering what may be happening to those they love far overseas. It is meaning moral evil here at home in the character of our boys, and evidently far more in the character of those who should be the future wives and mothers of our land.

Where must the responsibility for this alarming social condition rest? Primarily upon the home. "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." The truth in these words of an ancient Hebrew is as old as the family itself, even if there have been and still are to be exceptions. Many a mother better be at home caring for her children than working in a mill or a factory, even when she thinks that patriotism is the motive that takes her from her home. The seeds our homes are sowing today will furnish the harvest our nation will reap tomorrow.



That thing of horror men call war should kindle the passion of peace within their souls.

A Verified Story

LOST for six months—then came home. This is the story of "Tillie." Last Christmas the Rev. Garis T. Long, a minister living in Ashland, Kentucky, and his wife, paid a visit to his parents at Jonesville, South Carolina. Tillie, their dog, went with them. In some way Tillie got lost. A careful search was made, advertisements put in the local papers, but in vain. He and Mrs. Long went home greatly disturbed.

Six months later, July 2, while attending with a group of young people a picnic, Mrs. Long suddenly saw Tillie coming through the woods, headed evidently straight for their home. Recognizing the dog, she called, and it, hearing the familiar call, came to her with affectionate greeting. Tillie was weather-beaten, half-starved and evidently nearly exhausted. The dog must have traveled across South Carolina, through North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky.

This story came to us in a newspaper clipping. To verify it we wrote at once to Mr. Long and have related it here as he told it to us in his letter.



Unique Record

RUSTY," a German shepherd, owns probably a unique record. He is the proud possessor of an Honorary Discharge from the U. S. Army.

Belonging to John Prowse, Fireman First Class of the U. S. Navy, Rusty was handed over to the Army to be used as a sentry dog when Prowse was sent to an overseas base. Rusty's home was the "boot camp" for dogs at San Carlos, California.

The German shepherd preferred the environs of home and three times he broke loose and trudged 16 miles homeward. His escape was termed miraculous, as he pulled out the staples from the kennel doors and yet did not slip his collar. He had been housed in a unit devoted to sick and dangerous dogs.

After his fourth escapade, the Army Colonel in charge termed the dog an impossible and what is probably the only discharge from the Army for a dog, was made out for Rusty.

The Honorary Discharge papers read, "Eyes—big and brown; Complexion—ruddy; Occupation—Ambassador at large without portfolio; Horsemanship—None; Marital Status—single; Participated in Battle of San Carlos versus Mesa Verde."

The paper was signed with a wobbly X and had the dog's footprint at the bottom of the page.

—Henry F. Unger, Y2c, USNR

Paul Revere's Dog

DOGS have always played conspicuous roles of heroism and real service in every war recorded by history.

Few people, however, have heard the story, handed down by Paul Revere, himself, to his children and grandchildren, of the part his dog had in the famous ride of 1775, that was so important to the American Revolution.

When Revere left his house on that fateful night of April 18, his dog followed him. We do not know its name, sex or breed. We know only that it was not more than ten inches high (since a town ordinance forbade the owning of larger dogs in old Boston) and that it was well-trained, intelligent and affectionately treated by its master.

On reaching the part of North Boston where his boat was hidden and friends were waiting to row him across the river that separated him from his route, Revere discovered that he had left his spurs at home.

Many times in later years, the American patriot told his grandchildren how he hastily wrote a note to his wife, Rachel, tied it to the dog's collar, and sent the faithful animal home with the message. Soon the well-trained dog was back again with the spurs hanging from its neck, and Revere was equipped for the ride that was to go down in history.

It has been suggested that Paul Revere

invented this story for the amusement of his children. Be that as it may, we have this colorful postscript to history from his own lips. If the story is true, Revere's dog did a service for its country as surely as did its bold master.

—Marjory Smith



Little Brown Dog

By MARIE SPRAGUE

He was a brown mutt, with nose black as smut,

*And a tail that curled up and around—
With beady black eyes, that could not disguise*

Their love for each playmate he found.

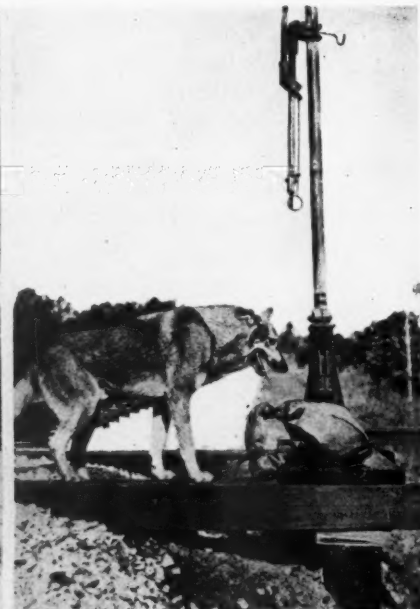
*He played with the cat with never a spat,
Chasing her up and down through the hall;
When she'd show her claws, he'd just lick
her paws—*

Happy-go-lucky—that's all!

*But late yesterday I laid him away—
He was poisoned by some brutal hand;
How such an end could come to man's best
friend*

Is something I can't understand.

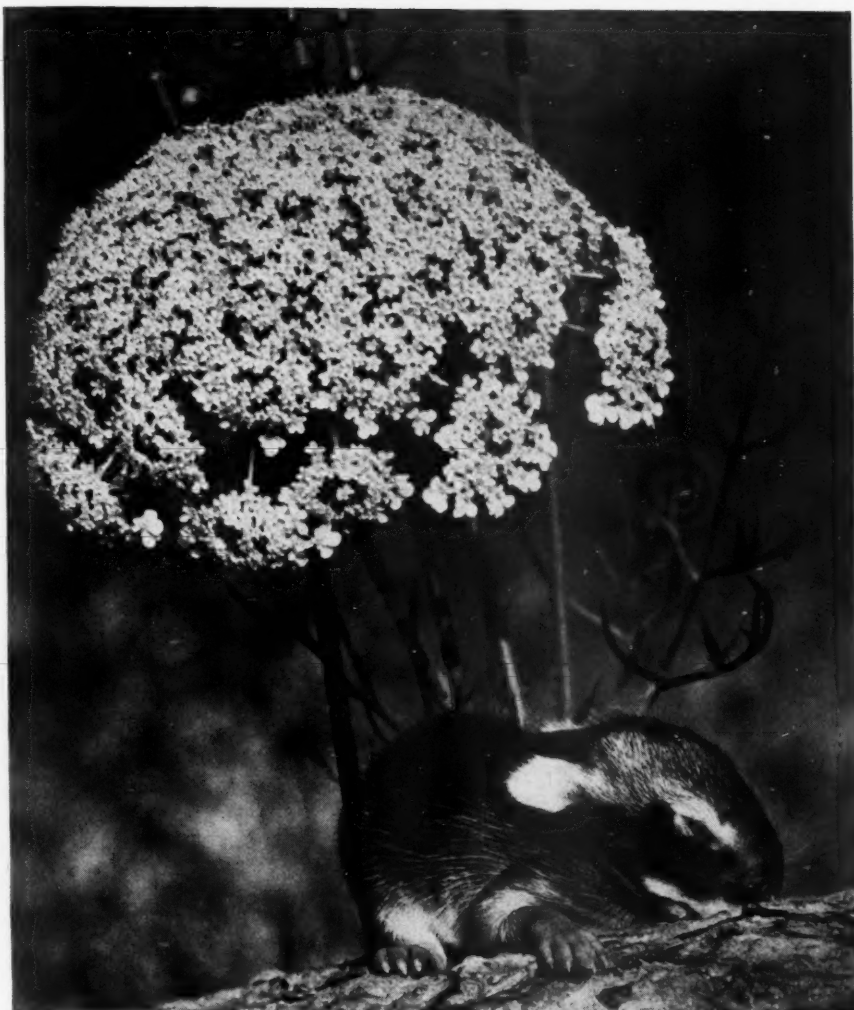
*The cat's plaintive meow is all I hear now,
And gone is her once playful strut;
She's missing their fun—I'm missing the one
And only little brown shaggy mutt.*



Press Association Photo

DOG CARRIES THE MAIL

"Major," who has been carrying the mail at Oglesby, Georgia, for four years without collecting one dog biscuit of pay from Uncle Sam, stands in front of the rural post office (left) with a mail sack between his teeth. At the right, "Major" gets a sack that has just been pulled from a mail car by the hook. Twice daily he trots down to the railroad track and retrieves sacks as trains roar through. Mrs. C. W. Carithers, postmistress and the dog's owner, says he ignores all but mail trains.



Photo, Lynwood M. Chace

Queer Kinds of Rabbits

By HENRY H. GRAHAM

ORDINARILY when we speak of rabbits we think of the cottontail, which is so commonly seen in the middle west and other parts of the United States. This beautiful bunny makes its home in the ground in summer, but when winter comes it often takes refuge in the snow by burrowing itself a den. The cottontail's principal food consists of lettuce, carrots, grass and other vegetable matter.

If, when traveling through the arid west, you should see a very tiny rabbit whisking about with the speed of the wind, you could be quite sure the creature was a pygmy rabbit. Many of these specimens when full grown are no more than eight inches long. They have big ears—very big ones considering the size of their bodies. They live for the most part beneath rock piles and ledges, but also dig dens in the soil under sage brush plants. Their color matches the gray of

the sage brush and other vegetation in which concealment is effected and thus they are difficult for enemies like the coyote and eagle to see. The pygmy rabbit is one of the world's least known forms of wild life. Swift of foot and exceedingly shy, it is rarely seen.

Another rabbit of the West is the jack. Countless thousands of these animals are observed by the motorist who travels the brushland roads late in the afternoon. The jack rabbit remains in the coolness of his underground den during the blistering heat of the summer day, emerging for food and exercise when the sun begins to lose some of its force. Jack rabbits often attain a length of eighteen inches or even two feet. They are swift of foot and think nothing of traveling miles to quench their thirst at some isolated water hole.

All brushland rabbits have as enemies,

BABY BUNNY TAKES A CAT-NAP UNDER A CANOPY OF QUEEN ANNE'S LACE

in addition to man, the coyote, eagle, hawk, owl and mountain lion. Eternal vigilance is the price of safety.

Once, while eating lunch beside a little spring in the sage brush country, I saw a jack rabbit approaching. In the distance a coyote drew stealthily nearer. The rabbit observed the desert wolf about the same time I did and started to run with the coyote in hot pursuit. I ran forward toward the pair, the coyote fled in the opposite direction and the rabbit lost no time in finding shelter.

The jack rabbit lives principally on the wild desert grasses, but sometimes makes forays upon cabbage patches. This bunny adores cabbage. Many farmers are forced to fence against the jack because of his great numbers.

In the southland lives a queer animal known as the marsh rabbit. As the name implies he makes his home in marshes and along boggy streams. The chief peculiarity of this creature is his love of water. He is an expert swimmer and instantly starts swimming if pursued by land enemies. Even in the water he is not entirely safe, however, for alligators and water moccasins live in the warm southern streams.

Truly, wild life has a hard struggle to survive.



Million Dollar Cape

THE MOST expensive garment in all the world is a cape made of feathers, which was worn by King Kamehameha the Great, of Hawaii. The garment is valued at, and insured for, one million dollars.

This remarkable cape is priceless beyond merely monetary value because it is made of tiny, golden feathers no larger than a child's fingernail, gathered over a long period of time from the wings of the Hawaiian Mamo, a bird which has been extinct since 1870.

As only two of these tiny feathers were taken from the wings of each bird, it was necessary to obtain feathers from countless thousands of the birds in order to assemble this single garment. Moreover, we are informed that over one hundred years of labor were required and that the completed feather cape represents the highest development in native Hawaiian art.

The plumage of the Mamo was at one time equivalent to gold currency in the Hawaiian Islands and it represented the country's greatest treasure.

The garment is preserved at the Bernice P. Bishop Museum, in Honolulu.

—Juliette Laine

Saved from the Nazis

The following story of a dog's loyalty to his master, whose rescue depended on his faithful pet, was told by Robert St. John in his broadcast on the "Jergens Journal" of August 15.

THIS week's most amazing story is an exclusive one because I got it just today in a devious way from the French Underground. It's the story of a man we'll call Armand, because that isn't his name. In any case, he is the best liaison man between Britain and France and he has visited his native land many times since he came to England from Dunkirk.

"This story is about his last trip. It was by plane. Armand had some extremely secret papers to deliver to agents of the Underground and he decided to play it as safely as possible by dropping into his own home town. But everything went wrong that night. The last time he'd been home there hadn't been a Nazi gun within miles, but just as he stepped off into space, guns began popping at the plane. Armand knew he'd catch it if he landed within the town and so he guided his parachute to a wild, wooded section not far from his family's farm. In landing, he crashed onto boulders and smashed both of his legs. He couldn't stand on them, let alone walk. He tried crawling, but the pain was too intense. In the distance he could hear a Nazi patrol searching the countryside for him.

"It was almost dawn when he heard a different sound, the unmistakable noise an animal makes when it sniffs through the woods. And then, all at once, there was 'Trixie' beside him, licking his hands and whining affectionately. Trixie, eight years old now, a mongrel, but the greatest friend Armand had had until

war separated them. Now Trixie was licking the blood on his ankle. It was mid-morning when the Nazi patrol got so close that Armand could make out their German talk.

"As noiselessly as possible he began covering himself with leaves and grass. Trixie seemed to get the idea. She worked feverishly clawing up the earth with which Armand covered himself until only his head was free. When the Nazi patrol passed within six feet of them, Trixie lay by his head as silent as if she were dead, but with every nerve alert, every muscle tense. In the two or three days which followed, the mongrel spent all her time bathing Armand's wounds with that amazing medicine, the saliva of a dog—or dashing off on mysterious missions which sometimes kept her away several hours at a time. Once she came back with a rabbit in her teeth and Armand got some nourishment sucking on the raw meat. Armand talked to Trixie as he would have to a human being. He begged her to go home to his family's farm and bring help. Trixie seemed to understand. She'd whine and go dashing off, but she'd return with a helpless look in her eyes.

"It was the night of the third day that Trixie stayed away the longest. Armand was worried, and then he heard footsteps in the woods. He was too weak to try to hide. He heard the affectionate whine of Trixie and then, the voice of Marie. He'd almost forgotten her in the madness of war—Marie, his sweetheart in

the days before Hitler's invasion. Marie bent over and kissed him and promised him that strong, loyal Frenchmen would soon carry him to safety and hide him and care for him. And then Armand got the mystery cleared up, the mystery of why Trixie had failed to bring help sooner. Armand's family had been moved by the Nazis to another town. Trixie, with canine intuition, knew that Marie could be trusted. For three days he had been hunting for her. She'd been away and had just returned that day.

"Trixie, by frantic yelping and tugging at her dress had guided her to this spot in the woods. And that is the story of how a French Underground worker was saved by a dog named Trixie, and by a pre-war sweetheart named Marie. The most amazing story of the week!"



Learning from Nature

MAN is getting to be more intelligent and accomplishes more difficult things right along, but he learns something from the lower order of creation.

Birds showed him that it is possible to navigate the air, but it took him long centuries to learn how to do it.

Fish also proved to him that it is possible and practical to navigate under water, as witness the operations of the undersea U-boats.

The beaver, known as nature's engineer, also turns the trick of building dams as neatly and permanently as can be done by man.

And so on and on examples might be given to show that man must imitate humble nature to arrive at his best.

—Pueblo Indicator



Flight of the Wild Duck

By GLADYS HALE BELLAMY

*There's a little brown duck in the lee of the rushes,
That circle the rim of the wind-rippled lake,
Just a little brown duck, who is seeking the shelter
Which marshland and sedges and reed grasses make.*

*Just a little brown duck—but those brave wings have borne him,
With unerring skill from the far-distant north;
As an arrow speeds true to the mark, never swerving,
Through uncharted space they have carried him forth.*

*Will that brave little visitor reach the warm southland?
(Fellow man, can you open your blind eyes and see?)
Will those wings which have borne him so valiantly onward,
Tomorrow still pilot him steadfast and free?*

*Oh, we cannot call sport just a killing for pleasure—
Deception and cheating, decoys and a blind;
For superior strength should mean care of the weaker,
A greater incentive for us to be kind.*

*Let us seek his protection, instead of destroying
That gallant adventurer passing us by,
With respect for his courage, his skill and endurance,
The banner of purpose he carries so high.*

*For the hand of the Maker has fashioned with cunning,
That little brown duck in the rushes today;
Let us know that the fall of the sparrow is heeded,
And bid him "Godspeed" as he goes on his way!*



OLD PAPERS, SPECIAL DELIVERY

The Society of Comfort to Animals was formed spontaneously as the result of a recent appeal by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. for old newspapers. Superintendent Harry L. Allen is shown accepting a cartload to be used in the cages of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital to aid in rendering the utmost care and comfort to sick and injured pets during their period of hospitalization. Since the request appeared in the press, these loyal youngsters had been making daily trips to the Hospital until a large enough supply was accumulated. In the picture are (left to right) — Allen Plunkett, Frank Fuery, displaying the banner which he designed, Mr. Allen, John Plunkett and "Butch" Caulfield with his pet dog, "Brownie."

Calling All Insects

BELIEVE it or not, the world's most skilled radio operators are the insects. Long before mankind dreamed of such a thing these tiny creatures have been using the radio as a means of communication.

One of the most skilful radio experts in the world is the cockroach. Shut one of them up in a box and leave another outside, although neither can see the other they can communicate. Every cockroach is equipped with feelers which are really antennae. By waving these back and forth the insect sends out a flash that has a wave length of half an inch. The same antennae can also receive the message sent in reply.

Even the mosquito is believed to possess radio equipment. His feelers are covered with hairs, each having a separate tone like a piano or organ. By the tones, the mosquito can send a message and receive a reply. That buzzing which warns us of his presence is the sound of his broadcasting station. When you slap one you destroy one of the most ingenious of all radio sets.

Spiders are believed to possess wireless apparatus. At any rate it has been found that nothing will make a spider any angrier than to strike a tuning fork near him. The sound probably interrupts his broadcast.

Many insects have their radio sets in queer places. The moth has his in his stomach; the grasshopper has a hole in his leg below the knee through which he receives his messages. The common housefly has a set of knobs on his body which act as receivers for messages.

—Albert A. Rand

Cow's Grave Marked on Map

ALTHOUGH birds, snakes and various other animals are depicted in the paintings and hieroglyphics of ancient tombs and public buildings, it remained for a British cow of comparatively recent times to win the distinction of having her grave marked on the map of her country.

The bovine thus honored was one "Buzoe," a pet cow belonging to a surveying party that was mapping the territory

that comprised the Gibson Desert, Australia, in 1876. The cow accompanied the party and died of old age while on the journey. Her owners were so fond of her that they buried her there, close to their camp site on the desert, and carefully indicated her grave on their charts.

Subsequent map makers, working from these original charts, have continued marking the spot and titling it "Buzoe's Grave" ever since. Probably none knew that the spot was merely the last resting place of a beloved animal and hardly merited continuous notation. On the other hand, they may have heard the anecdote and been so touched by it that they wished to continue this post-mortem honor. At any rate, "Buzoe's Grave" has been faithfully marked on her country's maps and will probably continue to be, for a long time to come.

—Juliette Laine

Surprise Animal Hospital

By NORMAN C. SCHLICHTER

SURPRISE? Yes, it was, that animal hospital under the big, high front porch of Josiah Keeley, president of one of West Virginia's biggest coal companies. In fact, he had thirteen different mining locations to direct, each with a large number of employees.

Busy as he must have been, this coal company president was never too busy to help anyone's pet, or little lost wild creature in trouble. I have many times seen him fondle birds that flew too low in their migrations over the great Appalachian mountain peaks and got lost from their comrades.

The animal hospital, latticed in under that big front porch of his home, was always full, for boys and girls and grown-ups brought owls, 'possums, 'coons, dogs, cats, chickens, rabbits to be nursed over some natural ailment or to be brought through the bad effects of some accident.

A lover of wild life and, indeed, of all animals, and a charming writer about nature's children, Mr. Keeley would drop anything else he was doing to relieve any dumb creature in distress, if he could do so.

No wonder one of his workmen said to me that he was wearing himself out with being kind to everything and everybody. Needless to say, while he headed this great industrial operation, there never were finer relations between management and employees. And here was a fine illustration that genuine human kindness is one of the basic principles of wholesome industrial relationships.

Among my pleasantest memories are the many times when I saw happy boys and girls take their beloved animal and bird pets away from that under-the-big-porch hospital with the personal blessing of Mr. Keeley.

Goats Are Useful By WILBERT N. SAVAGE

THOUGH the name of the useful goat has long been a symbol for evil, it is far from deserving its ill reputation, for no domestic animal is more widely distributed and none has been of greater service to man. It gives edible nutritious meat and wholesome milk; fine leather is made from its hide, and exceptionally strong durable cloth from its hair; and, most important of all, it is extremely hardy and can grow fat on coarse vegetation on which other animals would starve.

Wild goats are found only in Europe, northern Africa, and the Himalaya Mountains. The Rocky Mountain goat of North America is an antelope not a goat.

Domesticated goats, which are thought to be descended from the wild goat of Persia, have been raised in many parts of the world from the earliest times.

The Angora goat, native to Angora, in

Asia Minor, has a history that may be traced back to the days of Abraham. It is this animal which supplies the long silky hair from which mohair, a valuable cloth, is made.

Milch goats are found in all parts of Europe and Asiatic countries, the Toggenburg and Saanen species of Switzerland being the best. One of the most expensive cheeses made in Switzerland is the product of goat's milk.

Cashmere, Tibet, is the home of the Cashmere goat, from whose beautifully soft silky undercoat are made the famous Cashmere shawls.

These shawls are exceedingly costly, for it takes the fleece of ten goats to make one shawl a yard and a half square, and the weaving, which is all done by hand, takes about a year! Some especially beautiful patterns have been sold for as much as \$1,500!



Highlights

NO LIST of animal lovers is ever complete without the name of Helen Hunt Jackson, the author of *Ramona* and other well known novels and poems.

One of the outstanding experiences of the author's childhood was her attendance at a Christmas party given by friends in honor of their cats—and to which feline guests and their small masters and mistresses were invited. The cats were ensconced on soft cushions and amply provided with chicken and other delicacies.

Small Helen was very fond, and fiercely defensive of the rights, of her own pet cat at all times. Pussy was often permitted to follow her to school and once, even followed her to a funeral.

In later years, when Mrs. Jackson wrote letters to her own child, she liked to relate friendships with different out-of-door creatures.

On one occasion she told of making friends with a handsome caterpillar. She said he enjoyed walking about on her black morocco writing case, or rolling himself up in a comfortable ball on her hand. In the latter position he was apparently quite at home. Mrs. Jackson described this particular friend as having ten legs which had paws at their ends like kitty's.

In her various engaging descriptions, the author showed herself as one complimented by the trust of small helpless creatures. Her encounters with them, she regarded as highlights in her life. During her varied travels, she also gave great attention to bird life in its many phases.

Perhaps in none of her works did Mrs. Jackson demonstrate her inherent sym-

pathetic feeling for God's lesser creatures than in her poem, "Last Words."

**"Do not adorn with costly shrub or tree
Or flower, the little grave that shelters me,
Let the wild wind-sown seeds grow up
unharméd—**

**And back and forth all summer
unalarméd—**

Let all the tiny, busy creatures creep."

—Mary Agnes Colville

Skylark's Sermon

By VINCENT EDWARDS

NO MATTER where they go, the English will always carry in their hearts the song of the skylark as they heard it at home. A young Englishman, who went to Australia as a gold digger, finally accumulated enough money to open a store at a gold field about 200 miles from Melbourne. When this, in turn, began to prosper, he sent for his father and mother to come out to him, and asked them to bring along a lark.

The long, hard journey was too much for the old father, and he died on the way, but the mother and the lark reached Melbourne at last, and then traveled to the place of her son, Jack Wilsted, at "The Ovens." It was on Tuesday when they arrived. The next morning the lark was put outside the house, and at once began piping up.

The effect was magical. Sturdy diggers—big men with hairy faces and great brown hands—paused in the midst of their work and listened reverently. Far and near the news spread. "Have you heard the lark?" "Is it true, mate, that there is a real English skylark up at Jack Wilsted's?"

So it went for three days and then came Sunday morning. Such a sight had not been seen since the diggings were opened. From every quarter—east, west, north and south—from far-off hill, and from creeks twenty miles away, came a steady stream of rough, brawny Englishmen, all brushed and washed as decently as possible. The gathering had not been pre-arranged, as was evident from the surprise when men met acquaintances in the crowd.

But there they all were, and their object was to hear the lark. Nor were they disappointed. The little minister acted as if he knew the importance of his mission. He plumed his crest and, lifting up his voice, sang a sermon which touched his audience more deeply than perhaps the bishop himself could have done.

It was a moving sight to see those three or four hundred men, some lying on the ground, some sitting with their arms on their knees or their heads in their hands, some leaning against the trees with their eyes closed, so they might better fancy themselves at home and in the midst of English cornfields once more.

After an hour, the lark ceased. The audience then started to melt away. The men may have been somewhat melancholy as they thought of their exile, but they were no doubt happier than when they came. In many a heart the lark's warble had brought back memories of a village school and church in England, so that the most hardened adventurers found themselves longing for those gentler, refining associations that had gone unappreciated when they were within easy reach.

My Pet Skunks

By F. S. CRAWFORD

SOME YEARS ago I rescued two baby skunks that had been washed out of their nest by a hard rain storm. Three others of the litter were already dead when I arrived on the scene, but these two were still clinging to life with, however, little hope of recovery.

I carried them home and turned them over to our old house cat who had three kittens of her own about the same age. But the cat had her own ideas about rearing her family and did not propose to put up with any of this "pole-cat" nonsense. She at first refused to have anything to do with the young strangers, but finally her curiosity overcame her prejudice and after a lot of preliminary eyeing and investigation she yielded to the job.

Mother love and animal instinct were at odds, while I put in some time in bringing about a final decision. Then the old cat settled down to mothering the little skunks with the same care that she lavished on her own kittens.

They grew into two beautiful balls of soft, black and white fur, without the least bit of odor. They were sociable little rascals and entered into the spirit of a play or a fray with equal zest. They were gluttons for punishment and could be found in the thick of every rough-and-tumble combat that took place.

Those who have never seen kittens play have missed much, and those who never saw young skunks at play have missed more, for their antics and native capers are worth while watching. They can put on an act that few people are privileged to see and with the trio of kittens and skunks our household never lacked for entertainment during their stay.

In their wild environment the skunk has his own particular way of playing and sticks pretty close to the pattern of his kin. The whole family of young skunks, generally five to eight, will form a circle with their heads toward the center. In unison they will advance in stiff-legged jumps and touch noses, then retreat to form another circle and repeat the action, over and over for some time.

Our two, instinctively tried to carry out their traditional way of play, but finally gave in to their hosts' way of rough-house sport and made the best of it. When about two months old they began to catch and eat grasshoppers, crickets, worms and all sorts of bugs. They later began to slip away on short jaunts into the neighborhood fields and timber patches. As they grew older the trips were more often and their absences longer, until they finally ceased their home-coming altogether.

How the skunk acquired the name of "Pole-Cat" is unknown, as he is of the Weasel family and no kin to the feline clan. He is an American product and

was known by the Indians as "Sikak." In mammalogy he is listed as "Mephitis," or, in other words, as a pestilent creature.

But be that as it may, the skunk is an aristocrat in spite of his reputation and odious habits, for he attends strictly to his own business and never uses his defense batteries except in emergency. But when necessary he can launch a first-class gas attack that few opponents can endure.

At the first encounter of a foe the skunk stands his ground, with neither spite nor fright, preferring to be let alone and hopeful that his opponent will go its way. If not, with arched back, he wheels toward his tormentor and ejects a thin jet of repellent, choking fluid that

fills the air for yards around. This is the way of the skunk's defense and all wood-folks are aware of his habit.



Kitty

By STELLA BRANDES

*I know my kitty spurns pretense
And casts aside cajolery
When proffered her—yet I proclaim
Her mistress of fine flattery.*

*Her purrs would win a hardened heart,
Her gestures of idolatry
Make me discount a sly intent
And captivate me utterly.*



Canine Kings

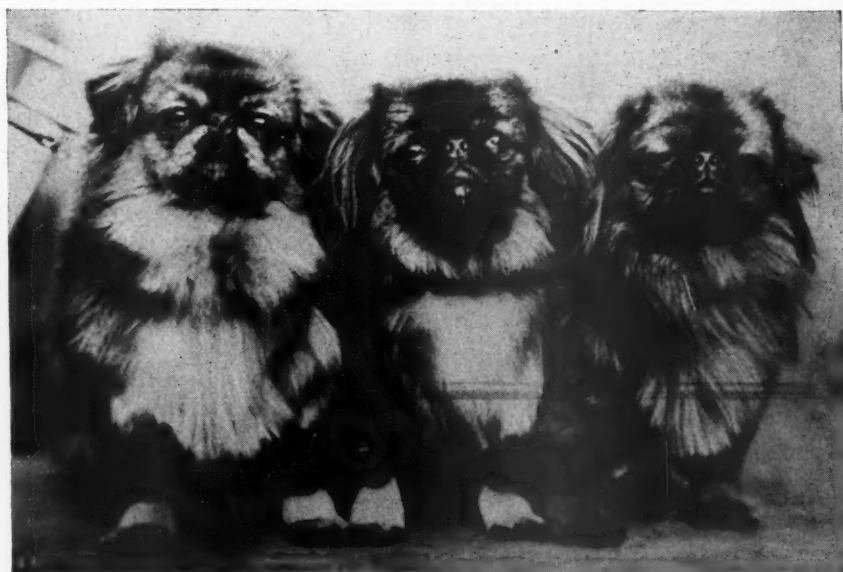
PROBABLY tens of thousands of dogs throughout the ages have been named "King," "Prince," and "Duke." History, however, records a case where a dog was actually a king, ruling over thousands of human subjects. King Oistene, of Denmark, invaded what was then the capital of Norway. He gave his new subjects the choice of two rulers, his personal slave or his dog. For some peculiar reason, the citizens chose the dog and he was promptly enthroned. For some time, this canine monarch ruled with all the ceremony and dignity that could possibly be expected of such a monarch. His reign must not have been satisfactory, however, for after his death he was replaced by a human ruler.

The ancient Ethiopians so highly regarded dogs that they, too, chose one of these four-footed tailwaggers to be their king. And his high standard of living indicated how much he was hon-

ored by his subjects. He lived in a magnificent palace and was shown every courtesy by the attendants of the court, and he actually ruled in matters of law. If he growled, then a law or policy decided upon at the time of the growl was considered to be ill-pleasing to the king; if he wagged his tail and frolicked about the court, then the law was considered approved.

Although never becoming kings, dogs of ancient China were held in high esteem by the rulers. They were royally housed in the Emperor's palace and treated with the respect that was due to favorites of the Emperor. It is to be wondered, though, if these noble dogs ever longed to run into the streets and play ball with children as other dogs did. For one of the unhappy facts about these royal dogs is that they were never allowed to leave the grounds of the palace.

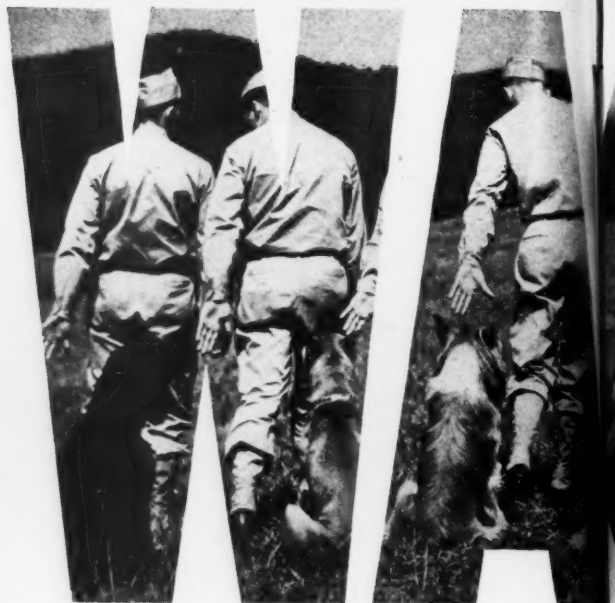
—Vernon Howard



PEKINGESE—ROYAL DOGS OF CHINA.



Clean-up
time
at the
kennels



Editor's note: This article was prepared for our exclusive use by Captain Schnelle, who is our own Dr. G. B. Schnelle, Assistant Chief-of-Staff at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, now on leave of absence for military service at Front Royal. So many questions have been received concerning the treatment of war dogs, that we are grateful to the authorities for this opportunity to resolve all doubts.

A FLIP of the hand is all that is required to let a canine soldier know that he must remain quiet and wait for further commands. Thousands of lives may depend on his intelligent cooperation. As a result, his training is no haphazard event, but rather, the culmination of careful selection and eight weeks of concentrated preparation.

These dogs of war constitute the Canine Corps of the United States Army and are, at present, serving faithfully side by side with their doughboy masters on every part of the globe where our troops are found. If anything, dogs are subjected to even more searching examinations than men, when they apply for enlistment.

All dogs for Army use are donated through Dogs for Defense, Inc., an organization having various regional directors throughout the country. These directors are charged with the responsi-

Induction of

By CAPT. GEORGE B.

bility of assembling dogs at the request of the Quartermaster General. Prior to acceptance by Dogs for Defense, each animal is checked carefully for the required specifications which are, at present, a height of not less than 20 inches at the shoulder, weight, at least 40 pounds; age, at least one year and not more than five years. Accepted animals are assembled at a central point for shipment.

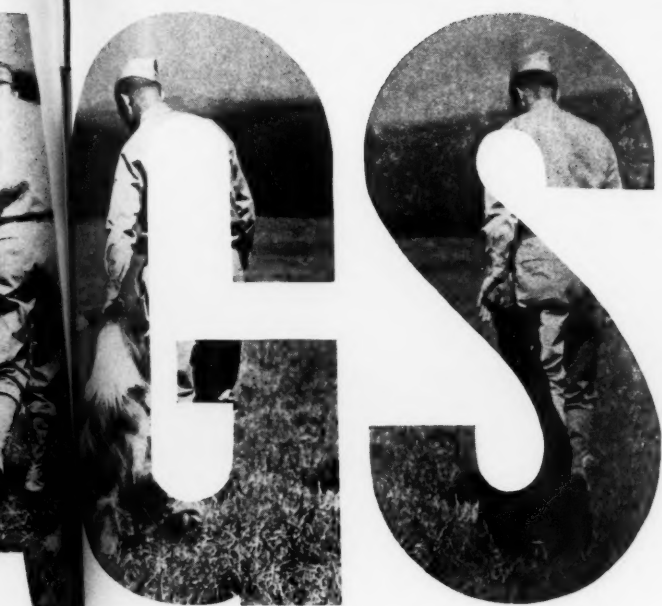
The receiving depot, which may be the War Dog Reception and Training Center, Front Royal, Virginia, then sends a qualified enlisted man to act as an attendant. The dogs are then shipped in well ventilated, clean crates, the attendant keeping careful watch over them while they are in transit.

On arriving at Front Royal, the dogs are immediately examined by one of the veterinarians of the K-9 Section. These veterinarians are especially qualified in small animal work. The Animal Officer

Part of the Dog Hospital at the War Dog Reception and Training Center, Front Royal, Va.



Preliminary health examination.



Fellow
trainees
become
acquainted

a War Dog

PT. GEORGE B. SCHNELLE

Quartermaster for the K-9 Section also checks the dogs to see that they meet all specifications. These examinations are important, in that they determine the condition and health of animals at their arrival.

The dogs are then assigned to their kennels, which are comfortable, disinfected and clean. During the first two weeks of their stay at the K-9 Section, all new dogs are studied and closely watched to determine their feeding habits. This constant checking continues while they are becoming accustomed to their new surroundings.

At the end of the second week, the dogs begin their basic training and it is at this time that they are assigned to human trainees who will go through the course of instruction with them. This basic training lasts for two weeks before graduation into advanced training, a course which covers a further period of four weeks.

At the end of this instruction period, if the dogs have adapted themselves to the training and have passed all the tests, they are declared suitable for active duty. Permanent posts are then assigned each animal and he is accompanied by his trainee-master who went through the course of instruction with him.

During the animals' stay at Front Royal, a constant check on each dog is maintained by the Animal Officer and veterinarian, particular attention being given to sanitary conditions surrounding the kennels, feeding habits and exercise. A well balanced ration, consisting of prepared dog food, cooked and raw meat, has been evolved and figures show that dogs, thin on arrival, have gained weight and improved in health, even while going through their intensive training. Each morning, there is a dog sick-call; all dogs found sick are hospitalized. The finest of medical care and treatment are afforded dogs at this station.

Instruction is given under the direction of competent men, experts in this type of work. At no time are dogs treated in a cruel manner, nor are they ever force broken. Experience has proved that a dog can be trained if his work is made to seem like play. Kindness and patience, coupled with firmness, are paramount in the treatment of all animals. Every effort is made to impress upon the dog and his enlisted trainee that, to be most effective, they must work as a team—each dependent on the other for safety and protection.



Dental inspection is important.

Morning sick-call at the Canine Dispensary, War Dog Reception and Training Center.



EDITORIALS

Mussolini and Italy's Humane Societies

WITH the unconditional surrender of Italy, we are reminded of the time, October, 1937, when Mussolini took over all the Italian humane societies by merely issuing a decree which henceforth placed the humane movement in Italy under the national Fascist organization for the protection of animals, with Giuseppe Orlando as Commissioner in Charge.

In 1938, a very attractively printed brochure, well illustrated, was received by most societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals in America. It told in detail how much Italians supposedly loved animals, and the book also criticized peoples in other lands who went to greater extents to protect animals from cruelty—in fact, the author stated “to Italian animal lovers this morbid attitude toward animals is simply repellent.”

Mussolini himself was quoted as stating, “Consideration for the life of animals is one of the noblest characteristics of a country.” Haile Selassie and his Ethiopians would hardly consider Italian soldiers kind people, but that is another story. Like everything else Fascist, the management of the humane movement proved to be merely window dressing, as travelers often told us about the mistreatment of animals they had witnessed, especially the little donkeys.

Let us hope when peace comes that the people of Italy will again interest themselves in animal protection so that privately-operated societies can again extend their helping hand to that country's many unfortunate animals.



Protect the Dove

LATE information is to the effect that the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service is deliberating the question of having an open season on doves. Let it be hoped that common sense and the spirit of humaneness will prevail and thus exempt the gentle dove, the emblem of peace, from falling victim to the gunmen bent on killing anything and everything in sight.

Wasn't it the dove that notified Noah that the great flood had receded and that it would be safe for him to release the chosen animals from the Ark?

It is so related as a scriptural fact and so, poetry, song and story have ever since been written about the harmless, gentle, cooing dove, the symbol of peace. Surely, the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Serv-

ice should not be influenced by the plea that the dove would add to the meat supply and the pleadings of hunters should go unheeded.

If they are so anxious to shoot something, why don't they go to the front and shoot at the enemies of their country, instead of shooting defenseless birds?—*Editorial in Pueblo Indicator*



Aid for Britain

DESPITE the war and hazards of ocean borne mail, we have managed to keep in touch with our gallant co-workers in England. Working under tremendous difficulties, the animal protection societies in Britain are accomplishing prodigies of kindness in their relief of animal suffering.

Our latest letter from Charles R. Johns, Secretary, National Canine Defence League, contained an appeal which we pass on to our readers.

The work for animal war victims in Britain is being helped by foreign postage stamps, including American. These are made up into packets by voluntary workers with philatelic knowledge and sold at National Canine Defence League clinics. Censorship regulations are complied with if packets are sent to the National Canine Defence League, c/o British Philatelic Association, 3, Berners Street, London, W.1., England.

We have been familiar for many years with the splendid program carried on by Mr. Johns. May we suggest that you save canceled stamps and send them to the address given above. You will be adding your help to this noble cause.



Relief for Work-Horses

ONE of the small, yet very important ways by which our Society seeks to help animals is its maintenance of various watering stations throughout Boston where horses may quench their thirst.

During July and August, employees supplied water to work-horses, numbering some 2,255. Two relief stations were maintained near the north and south terminals where horse traffic showed a considerable increase. This free service has always been appreciated by drivers during hot weather, especially this year when the city experienced the worst heat wave in over 30 years.

One of Our Troubles

ONE of our state officers, in a report of fifteen complaints made to him for investigation, cruelty to animals being the charge, states that of the fifteen, just one furnished any ground of complaint, a large number of them merely the desire to be spiteful to a neighbor or the result of a family quarrel. So much gasoline, oil, rubber consumed in answering these complaints which might just as well have been saved. This experience is true in many, many cases that our officers have to investigate.



The other day, talking to certain humane society officials, the question of how they originally became interested in the cause was brought up, and their answers were interesting. It would seem that most of them in responsible positions in various humane societies experienced “a call” to work for the humane movement, which often dated back to early childhood.

When such men of good character, completely devoted to the work, are at the head of societies, we need not be too concerned about the future—they will find a way to carry on despite the present, great difficulties.



The Annual Meeting of The American Humane Association will be held on October 11 and 12, 1943, in New York City. All meetings will be held at the HOTEL McALPIN, Broadway and 34th Street, New York City.

The opening general assembly will convene on Monday, at 10:00 a.m. The first day's program will be taken up with discussions on animal protection and on the following day consideration will be given to matters pertaining to child protection.



Pay your income tax and break your heart upon it.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning



RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Active Annual	\$10 00
Associate Life	50 00	Associate Annual	5 00
Sustaining Life	20 00	Annual	1 00
	Children's		\$0 75

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Retired Workers' Fund

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Albert A. Pollard, Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.



American Fondouk, Fez

Report for May, June and July, 1943

Daily average large animals:	56.8
Daily average dogs:	25.9
Animals put to sleep:	11
Entries:	34 horses, 15 mules, 125 donkeys
Exits:	33 horses, 15 mules, 133 donkeys
Out-patients:	802 horses, 259 mules, 1,149 donkeys, 25 dogs and cats.
Fondouks visited:	1,823
Animals inspected:	31,601
Animals treated:	2,751
Animals sent in:	322
Pack-saddles destroyed:	9
Arab-bits destroyed:	4
Animals sent by Police Dept.:	41
Transported to Hospital:	1

Amount of our expenses for the three months: \$813.46.

GUY DELON

Superintendent



To The Meadow Lark

Mabel Hatton Marks

You toss a lovely fragment
Of a song
Upon the summer breezes;
Sweet yet strong
The notes go fluting, sparkling,
One by one,
Like drops of clearest water
In the sun.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars, (or, if other property, describe the property).

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR AUGUST

At 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Cases entered in Hospital	1,047
Cases entered in Dispensary	2,145
Operations	308

At Springfield Branch, 53 Bliss Street

Cases entered in Hospital	221
Cases entered in Dispensary	849
Operations	94

At Attleboro Clinic, 3 Commonwealth Ave.

Cases entered	95
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Totals

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915	223,343
Dispensary cases	562,187
Total	785,530



AUGUST REPORT OF THE OFFICERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A., WITH HEADQUARTERS AT BOSTON, METHUEN, SPRINGFIELD, PITTSFIELD, ATTLEBORO, WENHAM, HYANNIS, WORCESTER, FITCHBURG, NORTHAMPTON, HAVERHILL, HOLYOKE, ATHOL, COVERING THE ENTIRE STATE.

Miles traveled by humane officers	15,460
Cases investigated	283
Animals examined	3,046
Animals placed in homes	221
Lost animals restored to owners	51
Number of prosecutions	5
Number of convictions	4
Horses taken from work	10
Horses humanely put to sleep	37
Small animals humanely put to sleep	2,928
Horse auctions attended	13
Stockyards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	60,872
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	14

Veterinary Column

1. Question: Is it advisable to have my female cocker spaniel puppy spayed? Friends have advised against it, saying that my dog will become fat and lazy.

Answer: A spayed female dog is considerably easier to care for than one which has not had this operation. Indeed, in many instances it is impossible to keep a female dog, especially if one lives in an area which is well populated with dogs. One reduces care and anxiety by having this operation performed. However, the spayed female should be fed 25% to 50% less food, as her needs are not as great. Furthermore, she should be given regular exercise to aid in counteracting the tendency of spayed females to increase their weight. The best time for this operation to be performed is between four and six months of age.

2. Question: Our dog is in considerable pain, and has been unable to move without difficulty for several days. He walks stiffly and will cry out if handled at all. He wants to lie quiet and the slightest movement seems to hurt him. A few days ago he was in excellent condition, and even went swimming.

Answer: Your dog is suffering from muscular rheumatism, the attack probably being brought on by the swimming. He should be kept warm, and it is an excellent idea to apply a heat lamp for one-half hour twice daily. Aspirin should be given to relieve the pain and laxatives should be given, if needed. These attacks usually last about a week.

3. Question: My long-haired cat has trouble at intervals with vomiting of hair and constipation. Is there any way to prevent this occurrence?

Answer: This condition is frequently encountered in long-haired cats due to their swallowing the hair while washing themselves. It is helpful to brush and comb these animals daily, thus removing loose and dead hair which otherwise might be ingested. Also it is advisable to give routinely one tablespoonful of mineral oil every week or ten days.

We regret that we are unable to answer questions unless the name and address are included. Many of our letters have to be answered outside of this column, and it is essential that information be provided so that we can send a personal answer, if necessary.

R. M. B., Veterinary Dept.
Angell Memorial Hospital



POPULAR ACTRESS HAS PET TREATED AT HOSPITAL

Bobbe Arnst, currently appearing in the comedy hit, "You Can't Take It With You," is shown with her 9-pound, 15-year-old Chihuahua, "Wrinkles Arnst," at the Angell Memorial Hospital, where "Wrinkles" was treated for a skin ailment and given a general check-up. Dr. Howard J. Kopp, member of the veterinary staff, is on the listening end. The diminutive member of the canine kingdom is a constant companion of Miss Arnst and is a veteran world traveler.



Tricks versus Education

By L. E. EUBANKS

MANY of the principles applicable to the training of a child are similarly essential in our relations with pet animals. Educators say that orphaned children raised in an institution generally lack, when mature, certain qualities better developed under the guidance of real parents, in a home where love is the foundation of training and instruction is of a more practical character.

The horse, dog or cat that has been taught to perform tricks is not necessarily educated. Like the institutional child, he is the product of a specialized system, a regime that discourages initiative and spontaneity and makes for mechanical living. It often takes years of "outside" life to counteract the influence of an orphanage during formative years; and with an animal that has been used for nothing but tricks over a period of years the effects are never fully eradicated. That animal remains an automaton—smart, even wonderfully clever at certain performances, but usually woefully

deficient in the more general and practical education.

Tricks are not natural for animals. Neither does the dumb creature "enjoy" such stunts. I cannot see why so many pet owners insist that the dog or cat finds fun in doing things that are wholly unnatural. If they do, why are they never found doing those things voluntarily? They have their playful moods, but play in their own way, if allowed to.

The right kind of training for a pet is that which makes it happier, healthier and safer, and gives you, the owner, the feeling that your pet loves you. Does your dog come when called because he's glad to see you or because he's afraid of being punished if he refuses?

My wife and I have owned cats that were so well educated that persons often remarked, "You should teach that animal tricks; it's so sensible it would learn easily."

But we've never taught cats tricks. We've taken them when they were tiny and accustomed them to kindness and

purposeful instruction. First of all, I want the pet to trust me—an animal's trust can come only through love. I rely more on low, kind tones, accompanied by petting, then anything else. That's fundamentally important; if you scold a cat in a loud, rough voice, you'll never teach it anything.

Association with you, under terms of unfailing kindness, together with repetitions of the things you want the animal to do, is the secret. For instance, our cat, "Smoky," has slept in the basement every night of her life. At bedtime, all that is necessary is to call the cat, open the basement door, and say, "Good-night, Smoky." If she has slept most of the day she may give me a look of some reproach, but she never refuses to go. That's not a trick, but education, successful through constant repetition.

No one can pick Smoky up, either in the house or yard, but Mrs. Eubanks or me. We didn't teach her to repel others, but no one else speaks to her quite as we do.

It's keeping an animal with you that makes the "one man" dog or cat. I came home one day and found that Smoky had been "treed" at the top of a clothesline post. My wife was not at home, and the neighbors were trying to get the cat down—the dog having gone. All had been repulsed (with some threats of scratching). She jumped right down into my arms and started to purr. That's what love and kindness does with a pet.



All This and Heaven, Too

IF ever there was a heaven on earth for dogs it is the stately home of Mrs. William Dorsey Jelks, widow of a former governor of Alabama, which tops College Hill, in Eufaula, Alabama.

Here dogs, sick at heart or sore of limb, know they can find a haven of rest from the cruelties of man, and here they come trotting. If a dog has a broken leg or has been run over by an automobile, Mrs. Jelks carries it to her home and calls the veterinarian. At times, she has owned over a dozen pet dogs and has never been without pets in her household.

Although her granddaughter and great-granddaughter now reside with this lovely woman of the Old South, there was a time that she lived alone with only her dogs as protection. One big fellow, a Maryland Retriever, slept on the upstairs porch near her bedroom and others stood guard on the winding veranda and on the lawn. If anyone approached the mansion, each dog joined in letting his mistress know someone was coming.

They are at all times a comfort to Mrs. Jelks and, in turn, she feeds them generously and cares for their every want.

—Willie Copeland Courie



Dr. A. R. Evans and Anita Lee Deakins

Girls Aid Hospital

CHILDREN'S love for animals was evidenced by an incident which occurred at the Springfield Branch of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital recently. Five young girls visited the Hospital and asked to be shown through. After their tour of inspection, they revealed that they had formed a Be Kind to Animals Club, with eighteen members comprising the group. Meetings are held each Thursday for the purpose of promoting interest in animal welfare.

The following week, Anita Lee Deakins, of Springfield, president of the Club, came to the Hospital with her mother. She presented Dr. A. R. Evans with \$5.15 which the children had raised "to buy food for the dogs at the Hospital." The money was contributed at a garden party held at Anita's home.

Anita was a guest the following week on the weekly S. P. C. A. radio program presented by Charlena B. Kibbe over Station WSPR, and her enthusiastic description of the Club and its proposed activities on behalf of animals made a delightful program. Anita is shown in the accompanying photograph presenting the contribution to Dr. Evans.



Accustomed to It

A DOCTOR was called in to see a very testy patient.

"Well sir, what's the matter?"

"That's for you to find out," said the patient, glaring.

"I see," said the doctor. "Well, if you'll excuse me a minute I'll go and bring a friend of mine—a veterinarian. He's the only man I know who can make a diagnosis without asking questions."

—Montreal Star

Medals Presented

SERGEANT Harold Present, agent for the Humane Society of Missouri, who frequently risks his own life to save those of animals in distress, was recently presented with two medals by the Society's Board of Directors.

One medal was awarded by the Society for distinguished service, particularly during the floods of last spring, when Sergeant Present was credited with saving more than 1,000 cattle, 10,000 chickens and scores of dogs and cats. It was formally presented by President Gerald B. O'Reilly.

The second medal was from the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., which annually makes an award to some person in the nation who has been outstanding in promotion of kindness to animals.

His most dangerous mission, he believes, occurred July 7, when he was lowered 200 feet to a ledge in a quarry



W. J. McBurney, Managing Director and Harold Present

in order to bring up a half-starved dog that had fallen there. On the way up, stones began falling on him, but the only choice was to hang onto the rope or drop into 40 feet of rock-studded water.



Dog Overboard!

OUT of the North African campaign come tales of valor in battle, stories of heroism in the air, on the land and sea. But no deed greater than that of Pvt. Normal Clark, of Hammond, Ind., has yet come to light.

Risking a terrible death in the Mediterranean, Private Clark's act of courage wasn't performed in combat, had nothing to do with military objectives and can only help the war effort in terms of morale.

He risked his life to save that of a dog.

Queenie was just a mongrel, but she had taken over the ship from bridge to galley. Then one day an explosion occurred on a nearby ship and oil gushed out over the ocean. In the excitement, Queenie fell overboard.

Coated with sticky black oil, struggling and choking in the water, the dog seemed doomed until Private Clark dove into the sea, plowed through the thick mass of oil and reached Queenie, who clawed her way atop his shoulder. There was every chance that at any minute the ocean would become a mass of flames. It took nearly half an hour to get the survivors back on board, but the cheering sailors kept at the job until both were safe. Now they want Pvt. Normal Clark to have a medal for valor.



Strange Visitor

QUEENIE, a tame fox, was a unique visitor at the Springfield Branch Hospital recently. She was one of seven little foxes taken from a fox hole in a southern state and given to a sailor. He brought her north to his home, where she was his contented companion until he went to sea and Queenie was left behind.

A complaint was made to Fred F. Hall, Springfield agent of the Society, that the fox was being mistreated by neighborhood children. He investigated and the present owner admitted that Queenie had been bothered by children. Mr. Hall warned the owner that he must dispose of the fox within 24 hours, but since no one seemed to have any use for a tame fox, Mr. Hall was the recipient. Queenie, although somewhat shy, seemed to enjoy life at the Hospital.

Mr. Hall communicated with officials of Forest Park zoo and they accepted his offer of Queenie. Now she is a regular member of the fox family there.



Agent Fred F. Hall and Fox

ANIMAL LAND

DOGS—Over three and a half million dollars was ordered paid by the United States Government for food for dogs in service during the year beginning July first.

VARIETY—*There are said to be 1,110 different kinds of animals and insects in the world, with thousands of varieties of each, including 120,000 types of spiders, 50,000 types of butterflies and 40,000 types of flies.*

EARLY BIRD — Experiments carried out show that one fine morning the lark arose at 2:10 a.m. The song thrush was the next riser at 2:17; the blackbird, next at 2:19. Then came the redbreast at 2:30; willow warbler, 2:43; wren, 2:50; gold crest 3:00; rook, 3:07; great tit, 3:15; chaffinch, 3:17; missel-thrush, 3:20; and magpie 3.22. The sparrow is fond of his bed. He doesn't get up until almost 5 o'clock.

BEETLES seem to be the strongest living creatures considering their size. Some of the miniature six-legged giants are capable of carrying 850 times their own weight. Compared with man, this means that if man were as proportionately powerful he could lift more than seventy tons.

CATS' eyes are about forty times more sensitive to light than those of man.

PORCUPINES swim high out of the water, for they wear a natural lifebelt. Their quills are filled with air.

MALLARD DUCK is the wild ancestor of most of our domesticated ducks.

CENTIPEDES are harmless and should not be destroyed if roaches are a menace since they exterminate roaches.

WHALES' skins vary in thickness from two inches to two feet.

ELEPHANTS have a heart-beat rate less than half that of humans, and contrary to the findings with all other mammals, an elephant's heart beats faster when he is lying down than when he is standing up.



Any unusual or interesting facts concerning animals will be gratefully received. Please mention source. Address — Animaland, Our Dumb Animals, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

Activities of a Digger Wasp . . . By T. A. BENDRAT

THE STRANGE antics of a digger wasp attracted my attention. It was a female and she was dragging something along; always proceeding backward. On closer inspection I discovered that it was a spider which she had captured and the spider was still alive. The wasp was apparently making for higher ground. At intervals she would stop, leave the spider behind, go ahead and spy out a trail. Then she would return to her prey, often by another route than the one by which she had left it.

Often it would seem as if she had lost her way coming back, because she would not return by the most direct route, but by a more or less circuitous one. Nevertheless, she would always return to the same spot and find her spider and, taking hold of him again, on she would press, always going backward. But, backward though she went, she evidently was looking between her legs, recognizing the path which she had spied out in advance.

Now she came to a steep acclivity. She left the spider at the foot of the cliff, proceeded a little farther and, as I convinced myself a little later on, selected the spot for the burial of the spider.

Hastily she returned to her prey, seeming to lose her way two different times, but eventually finding it again and safely returning to her spider.

Determinedly, she picked the spider up again by one of his legs and dragged him forward. She exactly followed the trail laid out during her previous trip, her surveying trip. Up the steep slope she went, dragging the spider behind her. Once, twice, she slipped back, almost half of the distance she already had covered. But with indomitable energy and determination she pressed on.

At last she succeeded in reaching the brow of the slope. She dragged the spider a little farther on so as to prevent him from slipping back again. Then she dropped him and proceeded to the spot which she had selected for his burial. This spot was almost one foot away from the place where she had left the spider.

And now she began to dig. The sun was going down fast and she wanted to have her job finished before darkness set in. She dug and dug with all her might, her mandibles, her maxillae, her prothoracic legs*, busily engaged in first loosening the soil about the spot she had selected. At intervals she would stop, striking her antennae with her forefeet as if to smooth them. Then she returned to the spider.

This time she sank her jaws deeply into the soft flesh of the spider and evidently killed him. Then she returned to

the depression and again took up her job. Now there is a regular little hole to be seen, the soil being pushed upward with her prothoracic legs and shoved under with her metathoracic legs.*

After a while she seemed to have satisfied herself that the hole was large enough to admit the body of the dead spider, and she brought him over to the hole. She hesitated a moment, then, as if realizing that the hole was not yet large enough she dropped the spider once more and continued digging. Every little while she would return to the spider as if measuring him with her antennae, go to the hole once more, throwing up more sand and pushing it with her metathoracic legs over the rim, down the declivity.

At last the most critical moment seemed to have arrived. For now she took the spider by his waist and started to drag him backward into the hole. But because the body of the spider was at right angles to the long axis of the hole, she couldn't pull it into the opening.

In vain she struggled for a few moments. Then she dropped the spider and picked him up again, but this time by the end of his abdomen, and wasp and spider now completely disappeared into the darkness of the hole.

I do not know with certainty what was going on inside the hole, but I surmise that the wasp deposited her egg in the soft tissues of the body of the dead spider, because I saw her antennae once in awhile near the entrance.

Now she emerged, struck her antennae several times, as if to smooth and clean them from the adhering dust and at once went to work again, filling in the hole.



Anthropocentrism

Man is the measure of all things.—DEMOCRITUS

*Man is a funny animal all right,
And the funniest thing about him is
That he has always regarded himself
As the chosen creature of all the earth,
—And no one ever said so but himself.*

—Archie Tech



Endowed stalls and kennels are needed in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Treasurer, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston.

*Footnote: Prothoracic legs are the forelegs of a wasp, metathoracic legs are the hind legs.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

"Yappy"

By LOIS CANFIL

WHEN Yappy first came to Cherryville, he was very like a young land turtle. He sprawled turtlewise all over the wax floor, but unlike a turtle, he had a voice six times his size and he used it day and night.

Reuben, the black and white shepherd dog, who was a gentleman, came to see what the noise was about. He surveyed the black, scrambling scrap on the floor and looked as surprised as it is allowable for a gentleman to be. Then he politely touched noses with Yappy, who tried to bite him. Reuben walked away with dignity and from his own corner studied the noisemaker with an air of, "Do I have to live with that?"

A few days later, he tried to make friends by poking his nose into the soft side of Yappy, then backing away and grinning at him. Yappy snarled and barked like a small fury. He had no manners and a temper that was three times his size. Reuben was disgusted and left him alone.

Reuben tried once more. One morning he brought a lovely piece of raw meat and carried it to where the puppy sat and laid it down before him. Yappy fell upon it and Reuben watched him anxiously. It was his breakfast and he was hungry. Every minute he expected Yappy to go shares. Reuben put out a paw to touch the meat. Yappy hurled himself at the big dog and snarled, "Get out of here," as plainly as could be. Reuben could have shaken him into bits, but instead he went away, determined to have nothing more to do with Yappy.

So Yappy grew up lonely. All the dogs of Cherryville liked Reuben. They were always coming and asking him on hikes. When Yappy tried to tag along, they bit him where it hurt and taught him to wait till he was asked. The bigger Yappy grew the lonelier he was. He wanted to play with the other dogs. He wanted to talk about what the wind said and the smells that came by and he could not do it.

One morning just as his breakfast, a big dish of scraps, was set before him, there came up the steps, the poorest, thinnest little dog Yappy had ever seen. Yappy rumbled a good morning and told him not to be frightened, but the little dog cowered away. Yappy went on making pleasant noises in his throat, but it took a lot of coaxing to get the little dog up the steps and to lead him to the dish. When he got there, he fell to. Yappy stood by. He remembered Reuben, now. He wanted part of that breakfast, but the other ate and ate as if he had not even seen food for a long time.

Then came the interruption. Dick Templeton's bulldog, "Jigger," came by. He spied the little dog and the dish of scraps. Jigger was mean. He dashed up the steps, shoved Yappy aside and the little stray went yelping into a corner.

Yappy's temper flared. He was not going to have his guest treated like that. He was no match for Jigger, but he dashed at him and the fight was on. It was a bad one. Yappy was getting beaten, but he went on trying, only he could not break that grip. He was growing weak and queer. Suddenly Reuben came by. He looked at Yappy and looked at Jigger. Yappy wasn't a friend, but he belonged to Reuben. In another moment, the tables were turned. Jigger went off and Yappy saw Reuben standing above him.

Yappy tried to say a thank you to the big dog. Reuben began to lick Yappy's sores. Then his nose touched Yappy's and in that touch Yappy knew something had happened.

He and Reuben had fought for a little stray. He and Reuben were pals. Reuben grinned at Yappy.

"Come for a walk?" he invited him.

Yappy assented. They both said good-bye politely to the little dog, both licked the empty dish. Then down they went together. Yappy was hungry; Yappy was sore; his muscles ached and his wounds smarted, but what did that matter when he had a friend?

Answers to "How Many T Birds" Puzzle, published last month: Tanager, Tattler, Teal, Tern, Thrush, Thrasher, Tit, Titlark, Titmouse, Towhee, Toucan, Turkey.



PUZZLED KITTEN

Why is this little kitten puzzled? Because, as you can see, she just doesn't know what to make of the baby squirrels which her own mother has adopted. She seems to sense that these strange creatures aren't of her own kind, but as they are now her new brothers and sisters, she feels that she must be kind to them.

The Band of Mercy or Junior Humane League

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
ERIC H. HANSEN, Executive Vice-President
WILLIAM A. SWALLOW, Secretary

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Nine new Bands of Mercy were organized during August. These were distributed as follows:

Virginia	7
Pennsylvania	1
Alabama	1

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent-American Society, 266,631.

SUMMARY OF FIELD WORK

Number of addresses made,	32
Number of persons in audiences,	5,189



My Working Collie Dog

By OLIVE M. BLANCHARD

For my dog there's something kindled
In this humble heart of mine,
'Cause no matter where I'm sleeping,
Or where I choose to dine,
He's always paddling after me
Around the barn or up to town,
And his tail just keeps a-wagging,
A-wagging up and down.

He's my pal and he's my buddy,
We can't seem to be apart,
And if he wasn't with me
It would really break my heart;
He obeys my every gesture,
And does what ere I bid him do,
Why he'd run fifty miles to get me
If I really asked him to.

He's as simple in his manner
As any dog I know,
But there's a difference in him
From the others, seems as though;
For when he licks my hand, and puts
His old, cold nose against my cheek,
He does something to me, and
I just can't seem to speak.

To be bothered with a dog
Is more than some can see;
But he's no bother, no sir,
This great big dog, to me;
For they can't have the pleasure
That he gives to me to feel,
When I turn around and see him
A-tagging at my heel.

Strange but True

By F. J. WORRALL

PROBABLY the most primitive bird in the world is the Kiwi, or apteryx, a native of New Zealand.

About the size of a domestic fowl, it lays one or two enormous eggs a year.

It is tailless, practically wingless, and has coarse, hairlike feathers. Though its legs are short, it runs rapidly. It has a short neck and a long bill with nostrils at the tip and it makes sounds resembling the growls of a dog.

Then, in West Africa and Southeastern Asia, we find the pangolins, rarely seen, however, because they are nocturnal by habit and hide during the day.

Absolutely toothless and unable to fight, they baffle their enemies by rolling into a tight ball, encased in impenetrable armor of sharp horny scales which cover them from nose to tail tip. They live on ants which they capture with their long tongues by digging in the soil.

The hyrax or "rock rabbit" is found in Africa, Arabia, and Syria. In superficial appearance it resembles the domestic rabbit; also in size and habits, though it lives in rocky places. However, it is believed to be more closely related to the rhinoceros, tapir, and horse because of a

similarity in formation of its teeth and feet.

There are many others seldom seen, either because of their scarcity or the fact that they live in inaccessible places, such as the proboscis monkey of Borneo, the spectacled bear of the Peruvian Andes, and the duckbill.

Probably the queerest of all is the duck-billed platypus of Australia, which is a cross between a bird, a mammal and a reptile, in character. It is built for the land and water.

Like the duck, it has web-feet, a beak, and lays eggs. It is the only poisonous mammal in the world. On its hind legs are spurs connected by long tubes to poisonous glands near the thighs. The poison, though apparently seldom used, resembles snake venom.

It has hair and feeds its young from the breast. It has a pouch on the stomach in which the eggs are hatched, and it growls like a puppy.

In spite of its eccentric appearance it is a timid creature. Once captured, it is easily tamed and is found to be quite intelligent.



Acme Photo

GENERAL STILWELL RELAXES

Even generals are unable to keep up the fast tempo of war forever. Here we see Lt. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell taking time off from beating the Japs to play with his faithful pet.



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Titles in bold-face type are of books or booklets

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HUMANE KEY AWARD

SO MANY requests have been received for instructions concerning our new Contest that we reproduce here the rules governing all entries.

Rules of the Contest

1. The National Humane Key and two hundred dollars in War Bonds (cash if preferred) will be made once a year for the most outstanding contribution to Humane Education.
2. Those wishing to compete for the award should address a post card to the National Humane Key Committee, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass., asking for an Official Entrance Blank which *must* accompany all entries.
3. Entries may consist of projects on a humane theme, humane plays or stories, original methods of teaching Humane Education, theses on Humane Education.
4. Teachers, principals, supervisors and other educators may qualify.
5. All manuscripts submitted must be typewritten and all entries will become the property of the American Humane Education Society, which reserves the right to reproduce or use them in any manner.
6. All manuscripts must be received not later than April 30, 1944.
7. Entries must be sent to the National Humane Key Committee, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass., to be received on or before the closing date, April 30, 1944.
8. All entrants will receive a year's subscription to the Society's magazine, *Our Dumb Animals*.
9. The decision of the judges, educators of national reputation, will be final and in case of ties, duplicate awards will be given.



